

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Golden Sunset.

The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like
clouds,
Dissolved in glory, float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth, and which the
heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when from us life's evening hour,
Soft passing shall descend,
May glory born of earth and sky
The earth and heavens blend;

Flooded with peace the spirit floats
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven be-
gins!
The soul shall scarcely know.

JIM.

Jim climbed slowly up the trail to the Sweet Afton Mine at the close of a cloudless July day. The sun had just disappeared behind the near mountain peaks, and all the gulches were filled with yellow light. The shadows of the narrow mountain streams were golden, and the fringes of the pines were dull and dark no longer.

Jim, tired as he was, noted all this splendor, saying as he sat down on a boulder and gazed at the glowing west, "I never see a purtier sight than that is in my life. I've read 'bout God's great pictures, and I reckon that's what's meant by 'em.'"

He was a tall, gaunt boy of seventeen years, whose homeliness impressed even those who knew how good and true Jim was.

He took off his old drab felt hat as he sat down on the boulder, and panted for breath. He has been walking since daybreak, and was dust-covered and footsore. His earthly possessions were in the limp old carpet-bag at his feet; and he has no home.

The shaft-house and cabins of the Sweet Afton Mine were a short distance farther up the trail. The yellow light had faded into the gloom of fast approaching night when Jim walked up to the open door of one of the cabins.

Fifteen or twenty men were eating supper at a table of pine boards laid on stakes in the centre of the cabin. The odor of fried venison and coffee made Jim feel faint with hunger. A big, black-bearded man at the head of the table called out:

"Hello, stranger?"
All of the other men turned and looked at Jim, who blushed and stood twirling his old hat.

"Where you bond for?" asked one.

"No place in pertickler," replied Jim.

"Where you from?"

"Missouri."

"Ye look it," said another man; and all of the others laughed.

"You had any supper?" asked a fourth man.

"No, I aint."

"Had any dinner?"

"Not much."

"Well, you're pretty nigh hungry, ain't you?"

"I'm awful hungry."

"Well, come here and pitch in. Set over, Bud French, and make room for him. I'm from old Missouri myself, young feller, an' nobody from that land o' pork an' hom'ny an' molasses is goin' hungry from this door if I know it."

"I guess I'd better wash up first," said Jim, looking down at his grimy hands.

"Oh, all right, you'll find a pan an' a bar of soap an' a towel at the end of the cabin. Clean up an' tie your hair if you want to, but don't you go to puttin' on no full dress suit out of that bag or there'll be trouble."

The men laughed again. They plied poor Jim with all sort of ridiculous questions when he came and sat down with them, after scrubbing his freckled face and combing his thin, mouse-colored hair up into a big "roach" that gave him a comically innocent and verdant look.

"Give me your hand," said the man from Missouri. "It carries me back to the good old times when I, too, was young and bloom-in', jest to look at your ha'r. That's a reg'lar Pettis County roach you've give your ha'r, an' it

binds me to you as nothin' else could. Set up here an' help yourself. Say, cookee, can't you git up something a little extra for this long lost brother of mine from old Missouri?"

The cook, a big, elderly man, sitting with his pipe in his mouth by the stove in a corner of the cabin, uttered a low, grunting laugh, but said nothing. Jim ate a hearty meal.

The night was chilly at that high altitude. After the supper the men built a roaring fire of pine knots outside, and sat or sprawled at full length around it, with their pipes in their mouths, telling stories and singing snatches of popular songs learned during their weekly visits to Carbonado, a large mining camp ten miles distant.

Jim expected to go to Carbonado in the morning. He had heard that he might get work there.

"An' I want a job of some sort the worst way," he said the next morning to Hank Morris, the man from "old Missouri."

"I don't know but you kin git one here," said Hank. "I heard the boss say only yesterday that he'd like to hire some one fer a kind of a roustabout around the mine, and to help the cook here."

Jim went to see the "boss," or superintendent. Half an hour later he came back to the boarding-house and said to the cook:

"The boss says for me to help you 'round this forenoon, an' he'll have something for me to do up at the mine after dinner."

"All right," replied the cook. "Haul off your jacket an' pitch in an' wash them dishes, an' then you kin peel up 'bout half a bushel of 'tasters fer dinner."

After he had washed the great pile of tin dishes, Jim took a pail of hot water and a bar of soap and gave the long pine table such a scrubbing as it had never had before.

He did all his work in a neat, methodical way, that his appearance would not have led one to expect.

"Afterward he swept out the cabin and made it look exceedingly neat. The cook watched him, and presently put him at work making biscuits.

"I've had somethin' like lumbago in my back fer three days," he said, "an' it aint gettin' no better with me with me on my feet all the time. I'll jest lay down here in my bunk an' give you a chance. I'll tell you anything you don't know 'bout mixin' them biscuits up."

But Jim did not need to be told anything about the biscuits. When the men came home to dinner they were loud in their praises of the biscuits, and they noticed the improved appearance of the cabin and table. The cook was a little jealous.

"Humph!" he said, "a new broom kin sweep mighty clean."

But Jim never grew slack about his work.

He was a slow and clumsy boy, but he did his work carefully and well. The men teased him a great deal, but he showed no resentment, and they were not acute enough to perceive that some of their careless jibes hurt.

Jim never talked about himself. When he had been three months at the Sweet Afton Mine the men knew no more of his past history than on the day of his arrival.

Nearly all of the men went over to Carbonado every Saturday night for what they called "a good time," and two-thirds of them usually came home penniless the next day; but when Jim had been three months at the mine he had not yet been over to Carbonado, and his earnings for that time were in a belt that he wore night and day around his waist.

The miners sometimes invited him to go to Carbonado with them, to "see a little of life," but Jim always stayed at the mine.

One Saturday night none of the miners went over to Carbonado. They had come to supper angry and excited. The cook's lumbago had made him helpless that day, and Jim had stayed at the cabin and cooked the entire supper himself.

A peculiarly exasperating case of claim-jumping had just been reported by a miner who had come over to the Sweet Afton Mine to so-

licit aid in the recovery of his property. This man had come to supper with the men.

"I was obliged to go over to Carbonado for some tools yesterday," he said, "and I stayed all night with some old friends of mine I found over there. When I come home to-day there was a fellow in the little cabin I'd put up on my claim, and he stood there in the door, gun in hand, and ordered me off, declaring that the claim was his, and that he allowed to hold it. Only two days ago I struck a mighty promisin' vein of carbonates on that claim, an' it'll go mighty tough to lose it now, when I've put in a summer of stiddy work on it."

"Well, you aint to lose it," said Ben French. "This claim-jumpin' business is gittin' altogether to common 'round here. We'll put a stop to it in a way that'll make the claim-jumpers in this gulch tremble in their boots. We'll let 'em know that we don't intend to fool away time and money goin' to law in order to git fair play, either."

Jim, sitting in silence by the cabin cook-stove, heard with a shudder the unfolding of the miners' plan of action. Once or twice he tried to speak—to protest, to plead for the offender, but he knew he would be jeered at or cursed into silence.

Every man's face wore a determined look as they filed out of the cabin.

Then Jim turned toward the cook, who was lying on his bunk, and said:

"You reckon they'll do it?"

"Do what?"

"The crime they've talked about—kill that man?"

"Well, if they don't it'll be because he's spy enough to git out o' their way when he sees 'em coming," said the cook, with a careless laugh.

"But he can't," said Jim. "They'll be twenty-five or thirty to one, an' they aint got no right to do it. It'll be a wicked, awful thing to do! They don't really plan to do it, do they?"

"You see if they don't!"

"But they *mustn't*!" cried Jim, jumping to his feet. "Somebody's got to stop 'em!"

"They don't know what they're doing! They aint that man's judge. Somebody's got to warn them!"

"Now, look here, boy," said the cook, as Jim snatched his old hat from a nail in the wall, "don't you go to meddlin' with this business, or it'll be the worse for you. The best thing you kin do is to wash up them supper dishes an' then go to bed an' go to sleep."

"Sleep?" cried Jim. "You reckon I could go to sleep knowin' what's goin' on up there in No Man's Gulch? But they sha'n't do it—they sha'n't, they sha'n't! I'll stop 'em!"

He ran swiftly out of the cabin into the darkness. It was a cloudless night, and the moon was just rising behind a distant mountain. The jumped claim, whose locality Jim knew perfectly from the talk at supper, was four miles from the Sweet Afton Mine. His eagerness to save the man made him so fleet that he had gone a full mile before the men had left the mine.

He met no one on the trail, and heard no sound but that of his own labored breathing and the occasional snapping of a dry twig under his feet.

When he reached the claim there was no light in the cabin, which stood in a little clearing among the pines a short distance from the bottom of the gulch. Jim ran swiftly toward it, and was within a few feet of the door when a harsh voice cried out: "Halt!"

Jim saw the shining barrel of a gun, and heard the click of its lock. He stood still and cried out:

"Don't shoot me! I've come clean from the Sweet Afton Mine to tell you. There'll be as many as thirty men here in a few minutes, an' they mean to kill you!"

The man, with gun in hand, came forward to Jim, who, panting and gasping, stood leaning against a tree for support. There was a sharp pain in his side, and his lungs were sore.

It was dark under the pines, and they could not see each other's faces distinctly. The man lit a

match and held the tiny flame to Jim's pale face. When the little light had reached its fullest Jim cried shrilly: "Dad."

The match fell from the man's fingers. His voice was husky and unsteady as he laid a hand on Jim's shoulder and said:

"Jim! I knowed it was you the minute you spoke. You've the same voice you had when you was a little feller. What you doin' 'way out here in this wildness, Jim? Was you lookin' for your dad?"

Jim nodded his head. He could not speak. He clung to his father's outstretched arm with trembling hands. His face was so white that his father could see its pallor in the moonlight.

"I was innocent of the thing I run away from home fer, Jim, an' I ought to have staved to home and showed folks I was innocent; but I couldn't. I come on out here, that I might as well be mean an' bad as to have folks think I was. It's a poor way to argy, Jim—I see that too late."

"Jim," he said, tearfully, "where's your ma?" "She's—oh, dad, she's dead. She died almost two years ago; six months after you went away." The hand slipped from Jim's shoulder; the man's arms fell heavily to his sides.

After a moment he said, "I—aint so very much s'prised, Jim. It's what I expected you'd say."

"She died sayin' she believed you was innocent, dad. She wanted me to find you and say so."

The man nodded his head slowly. A ray of moonlight fell on his face and Jim saw the tears shining on his face.

They stood in silence for a moment, looking into each other's tearful faces; then Jim said:

"But you must hurry away from here, dad. Then men'll be here any minute. Hurry away, dad, hurry!"

"I don't know as it's wuth while," replied the man. "I reckon they'd be doin' a good job if they rid the world of all sech as me an'—"

"No, they wouldn't," cried Jim, piteously. "They aint no right to. They'd be doin' worse'n you ever done, an' they'd have it to answer for. Go away, go away! You kin be good agin. Ma said to say that to you. There's lots she wants me to tell you sometime; but go now. Here, dad!"

Jim's hands went under his old coat and vest and he drew out a long belt.

"Here's money, dad; over a hundred dollars. I've saved it thinkin' mebbe you'd need it if I ever found you. Ma thought it likely you'd come West, cause you'd talked so much 'bout wantin' to try minin', I'm glad I found you, dad. You write to me at Carbonado. I'll stay here till I hear from you, if it's five years. Take the money and go."

The penniless man took the belt. "You shall have it all again, Jim," he said. "I aint deservin' of a son like you, but I—I—" his voice failed him. He walked slowly away and, turning suddenly, he went close up to Jim, but both arms around him, kissed him on the brow and hurried away among the pines.

Fifteen minutes later thirty armed men surrounded the cabin. There was a bright light in the one window now.

But French, the leader of the mob, and three or four others came cautiously up to the door and rapped loudly. Jim opened the door and stood before them with a lamp in his hand.

"He's gone," Jim said, quietly. "Gone?" Bud French stared blankly at Jim. "An' what you doin' here?"

"I come to tell him to go—to warn him."

"Why, you—!" Bud French stared in speechless amazement at Jim. Presently he asked:

"You say you come over ahead of us and warned that feller to clear out?"

Jim nodded his head.

"You did? Well, do you know what may happen to you for that?"

"Mebbe you'll hang me in his stid," said Jim, calmly.

"I dunno but the boys will do that very thing," said Bud, with the blackest of scowls.

"What'd you go an' meddle with this thing for?"

"Because I didn't think you'd ought to do it, and—and—the man was—my dad."

"Your dad?"

"My own dad?" said Jim.

"Well, if I—!" Bud became speechless again.

The other man stared at the boy. He stood in silence before them, with now signs of fear. He had never looked more innocent and childlike to them than now.

The group before the cabin door grew rapidly, and the newcomers were demanding to know what it all meant. Bud French stepped up to the open doorway, turned and the crowd.

"The man's gone," he said. "This Jim here got ahead of us and told him to go."

An angry murmur followed, but Bud lifted his hand as a signal for silence.

"Gentlemen," he added, "the man was Jim's own dad; an' if any of you tellers wouldn't be glad you'd give warnin' under sim'ar circumstances, you'd ought to be hung higher'n Haman your own selves. That's all I got to say."

He closed the door of the cabin behind him as he spoke, and in five minutes the men were on their homeward way. Then the owner of the claim entered the cabin.

"It's all right, boy," he said to Jim; "but you'd better stay here with me to-night. You look clean beat out."

It was three months before Hank Morris brought a letter to Jim from Carbonado.

Next morning Jim stood at the door when the men were going out after breakfast. He offered his hand to each of them in turn.

"Good-by, boys," he said, "I'm goin' away to-day. I'm goin' clean out to Californy. Dad's out there, an' he's sent for me."

He washed up the old tin dishes for the last time, swept the cabin carefully and said good-by to the cook. A few minutes later the men who chanced to be working outside of the mine saw his long, lank figure ascending the Carbonado trail.

He stopped when he reached a sharp curve in the trail, waved his old hat toward the men and passed out of sight.

But they remembered his gentle ways and his kindly spirit long after he was gone, and they sometimes said that they hoped that Jim went to a father who had made himself worthy of such a son.

General Sheridan's Interpreter.

While visiting the Spokanes, Gen. Philip Sheridan related to the Indians, through an Indian interpreter, the wonders of the railroad, and waited to see what effect the revelation would have upon them.

"What do they say?" he asked the interpreter.

"They say they don't believe it."

Sheridan then described the steamboat, and the interpreter repeated this.

"What do they say to that?" the General again asked, seeing the Indians' faces all impassive.

"They say they don't believe that, either."

Then the General gave an account of the telephone, and told how a man, at the end of the long wire, talked to a man on the other end of it. The interpreter remained silent.

"Well," said the General, "why don't you tell them that story?"

"Because I don't believe it myself," answered the interpreter.

Events Under the Auspices of New York Societies.

July 31st—Outing of the League of Elect Surds (Fanwood Quad Club) to Highland Beach, New Jersey Coast. "Four hours on water and six on land."

August 14th—Afternoon and Evening Festival of the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers, at Glendale Schuetzen Park, Brooklyn Borough.

September 11th—First Annual Picnic and Games of the Silent Wheelmen of Greater New York, at Fort Wendel, 14th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

FANWOOD.

The Weather of Saint Swithin.

SUMMER OUTINGS FOR TIRED WORKERS.

Interesting News Items.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The past week at the institution has probably been the dulllest known since school closed. Every one has been wondering whether it is spring or the middle of summer. This is all attributed to the phenomenal weather New Yorkers are receiving, and it reminds you of the tropics—that is, during the forenoon the sun has blazed unmercifully, and one is absolutely powerless to do any sort of physical exertion without perspiration flowing in huge beads. Then all of a sudden heavy banks of clouds would loom up from the south-west, which looked foreboding, then suddenly down comes the rain, and every one who is unfortunate enough to be caught without an umbrella, would get a ducking. Such is the weather we have been experiencing for a week or more. And to cap the climax, "jersey skeeters" would bounce down upon you and convert you into a raving maniac with their merciless stings.

Matron Wilcox and her son, Curtis, Jr., returned Saturday, from a three weeks' stay at the farm of her father's, located at Bakersfield, Franklin Co., Vermont, fifteen miles from the Canada line, well recuperated and as brown as berries. They relate an incident that happened in the way of a cloud-burst, which swooped down on the place, carrying away bridges leading to the town, which shut off all egress from the farm for four days.

Principal Currier left for his summer home in Essex, N. Y., Friday last.

Chief Tutor W. H. Van Tassel left for his month's vacation Friday last. He will make a tour of the east, winding up with a visit to the northern borders of Lake Champlain.

Mr. Fred W. Baars, a former pupil here, and his bride, who are on their honeymoon, dropped in to see old friends, Wednesday last. Mr. Baars is a type-setter in the Chicago University building, and will have a home ready for his bride upon their return to the windy city by the lake.

Miss H. M. Bostwick, our stenographer, left Monday, to spend her vacation somewhere up in Maine.

Miss Ida Kramer, one of the girls' tutors, leaves here Monday, to take up the profession of a nurse in the Homeopathic Hospital in Pittsburg, Pa., in September.

The department of street improvements, are now covering the centre of the road, in front of the grounds, with broken stone, and a four-ton steam roller is running up and down, pressing it, and when completed it will be a handsome road for lovers of fast horses.

In view of the excessive heat, the boys are now permitted to enjoy an extra bath in the rain baths twice a week.

Several of the older boys contemplate going on the excursion of the League of Elect Surds, to Highland Beach, Saturday.

Mr. H. Herberts, whose invention of a contrivance for recording speech, which was mentioned editorially in the last issue, was a visitor at the institution last week. He is a young man of pleasing manners, and it is hoped he will succeed in his undertaking.

Nowadays, inventions which would have been discredited years ago by our forefathers, are received with hardly any comment. We are living in an inventive age, and in the near future, if someone invents an instrument that will enable the deaf to hear, it simply will only be another discovery which the inventive brain of the present

generation could not solve. God speed the day.

We learn on good authority that John Hogan, finding that work in the metropolis is unprofitable for him, has decided to return to the place from whence he came—Albany.

Prof. T. F. Fox and Editor Hodgson, returned from the Binghamton Convention Saturday evening.

There was a large influx of deaf-mutes on Sunday. All were out on pleasure bent up this way, to escape the 'orrid heat of the lower section of this city, and took refuge in the basement of the boys' wing, when a heavy rain storm overtook them unawares.

Mr. Alonzo Collins and his nephew, of Dayton, Ohio, called to see the institution on Monday, and were shown about. Mr. Collins was a former pupil here, having graduated in 1860. They were interested in all they saw, especially the former, who had not seen the place for many years, and he could hardly realize that he was in the place where he had received his early mental training.

Assistant-Steward Hugh Conley Seward, returned Monday afternoon looking well recuperated from his month's vacation.

Matron Wilcox, is improving the remaining week of her vacation hobnobbing amongst her friends.

W. G. S.

WHAT TO EAT.

Aralstonite writing in that excellent gastronomic journal, What to Eat, makes a few sensible suggestions in regard to the diet that ought to be posted in every household. He says that the healthiest and purest lives come from those who do not eat meat before the age of 15.

"Potatoes, sliced thin and fried, are indigestible. While tasting delicious, they afford no real nourishment and cause a derangement of the liver."

Cake clogs the stomach. All rich pastry is poison to the liver. Soft caramels and creams are also bad for any one with a liver at all rebellious.

When you get old, look out for your food. Do you every notice that grandfather's face is not as jolly as it used to be? His strength of mind also seems slowly disappearing, though he is getting fleshier every day. He needs a change of food. Probably he had been eating buckwheat cakes and sugar, white bread, and butter, syrup, fat meats, etc. Give him lean meat and fish, cracked wheat and potatoes, barley cakes, rye bread or southern corn cakes. Try it, and instead of moping and sitting round the house all day you will find him running around lively as a cricket.

Maybe, on the contrary, he is growing thin and pale. Then he needs buckwheat and molasses, fat meat, mashed potatoes in milk, northern corn, cracked wheat and fish, oatmeal porridge and fruits every morning.

All rules have their exceptions, and the diet described for the mass may not answer for exceptional cases, but the following directions are good for the majority:

Milk is the simplest and most natural food. If you cannot drink it, your stomach is in a diseased condition. Cheese is a good substitute, if mild, fresh and made from pure milk and cream. Persons who live mostly on vegetables have the best nerves and the best complexions. Red pepper is an excellent condiment. Its effect upon the liver is remarkable. Malaria, intermittent fever or congestive chills, cannot endure the presence of red pepper. Pure red pepper (known as cayenne) should be on every table.

Ill health is caused largely by improper food, or by food which is in a bad condition when it is eaten.

A combined anti-rattler and thill support is formed by two downwardly curved springs fastened one to the axle and the other to the thill and overlapping each other, the ends being cut flat so that when the thills are raised the points come together and hold them up.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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It's true to God who's true to man,
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

The convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, held in Binghamton last week, was quite a successful and enthusiastic gathering. One of its actions, in the form of a resolution, will have more than ordinary interest to New Yorkers. The resolution was condemnatory of the proposed "consolidation" of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and St. Matthew's Church. The injustice that would be perpetrated upon the deaf of the Episcopal faith in this city is apparent to every intelligent deaf-mute, and they one and all are firm in their opinions and do not hesitate to express them. The resolution was passed unanimously. It would be well for the authorities of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes to read the "handwriting on the wall." Like the "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" of old, there may be great disaster to follow. There is still time to call a halt in the iniquitous scheme to transfer money, contributed towards upholding a free church for the deaf, to a pew renting church in which the deaf will cut no figure.

WHEN deaf-mutes come before the public by reason of their misdeeds, all of their class suffers indirectly. "Only a dead Indian is a good Indian," is a saying that has gained universal credence, because the depredations of the aborigines are published and their good points overlooked or ignored. In the same spirit, a large proportion of the public is led to look askance at the deaf, because their knowledge of the deaf is derived solely from the reported misdeeds of a few deaf-mutes. The impression has gained that deaf-mutes are an irresponsible class of people, fit subjects for sporadic charity, and possessed of but a childish conception of right and wrong. This erroneous idea prevails to a greater extent than one would suppose, as is constantly proved by the success of impostors who eke out a livelihood by pretending to be deaf and dumb. The great mass of people fail to discriminate between an occasional beggar or rascal and the whole class. They cannot be expected to know of the great army of deaf-mute workers, whose industry, integrity, and capacity make them unobtrusive and model citizens, who go through life supporting themselves and their families, winning the respect and esteem of their employers and the admiration and encomiums of their neighbors and friends.

Therefore the intelligent deaf rejoice whenever an impostor is brought within reach of the strong arm of the law, and will now have additional cause for rejoicing when they learn that a young fellow, pretending to be deaf and dumb, and subsisting upon mistaken charity, has been caught and caged, and not only charged with imposing upon the public, but also with purloining the property of those who took compassion upon him because of his supposed affliction. We hope he will get the full length of the term which the law allows.

A LETTER containing the text of the circular issued by the President of the Virginia Association of Deaf-Mutes, with other information of interest to the deaf of Virginia, will appear in next issue. Space could not be found in the present issue to print it in our Virginia letter.

BINGHAMTON.

The Nineteenth Convention of the E. S. A.

AT BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Not Largely Attended, but in Other Respects a Successful Meeting—A Full Report.

Specials Reported for the JOURNAL.

The Nineteenth Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, met in Christ Church Parish House, corner of Henry and Washington Streets, Binghamton, N. Y., on the morning of Friday, July 23d, 1897.

Over fifty deaf-mutes were present, including a goodly number of the gentler sex.

President Jewell in the chair, requested Rev. C. O. Dantzer to offer prayer, and the latter responded with a fervent invocation. Moved by Seliney, seconded by Hodgson, the minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with.

Secretary Dantzer read the following communication from Mayor Greene, who was obliged to take the train to New York City on the day previous.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

REV. MR. DANTZER.—Please give your people my warmest wishes, and be sure to impress upon them that Binghamtonians are appreciative and feel very much pleased to have them assemble here on the occasion of the Nineteenth Annual Convention, etc.

The hospitality of the City is unbounded. Your trolley ride will present a more eloquent tribute to its location and environment than possible for me to give. Hope you may feel so well satisfied that you can pay the City the honor recently conferred by another convention, (New York State Music Teachers) and convene here next year. I'll promise to be with you then and help have a "good time."

Those who belong to your Association, or ought to, and I side here, are splendid citizens and we like them.

Congratulations for the grand results accomplished by your Society. Have often read of same with much pleasure. Please let me know the trolley ride as a personal compliment of the Mayor and at the same time express my sincere regrets that same, by reason of unexpected business demands, compelled me to forego the pleasure and honor I would feel of participating with you in the Convention and especially the trolley party.

I use my hasty language; say it in your own way.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE E. GREEN.

On motion of Mr. Godfrey, seconded by Mr. Taber, the secretary was instructed to convey the thanks of the Association to the Mayor of Binghamton for his courtesy and liberality.

President Jewell then read his address, which follows:

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—To-day we meet, for the first, is one of the most beautiful and enterprising cities of the southern part of our great State, which rejoices in the name of the "Parlor City," and I trust that you will find, before returning to your homes, that it is, at least, all that its name implies.

This is the nineteenth meeting in the 32 years existence of the Association, and as we look back over its record, we can view with pride the good work it has accomplished, in that time, for the advancement of the deaf. The attendance at our reunions of late has not been so large compared with former years, however, that be must be attributed not to indifference but to the depression in business existing throughout the country. It has affected the deaf-mute as much, if not more than his more fortunate hearing brethren. As a consequence our number of members has decreased somewhat. With the return of prosperity our outlook will be brighter. It has been suggested that if the membership fee were reduced one half to meet the exigency of the times the number of members would be more than doubled. We had placed it quite low so not to make it difficult for any one to be a member, still if you think it should be less you might consider the matter at this meeting. It should be remembered that this is not an association, but a State association open to the graduates of all the institutions within its borders, and it does not make a distinction between local societies or not. Its members share in its benefits, take part in its proceedings and management, and they work together to carry out its aims.

Also at the same meeting we adopted a resolution denouncing the practice of some supervisors of counties in refusing to sign certificates appointing deaf children to institutions for their instruction. A copy was furnished to the Governor. From our Executive Department we have since learned that the remedy for such grievances is provided by an application to the courts for a writ of mandamus to compel the supervisors to perform their lawful duty.

The printing of the proceedings of several of our meetings as far back as the fifteenth, held at Utica, N. Y., in 1892, has been delayed for want of funds, but it is hoped that we will soon be in a position to have it done.

In the death of Mr. John C. Acker, which occurred last autumn, the association lost one of its oldest and most enthusiastic members. Those of us who observed his prominent figure and pleasant greeting at some of our past meetings, will miss him to-day.

In conclusion, it is my sincere hope that this meeting will be successful, harmonious, and the most enjoyable one you have attended.

Mr. Seliney commented on that part of the address which referred to the dissemination of the manual alphabet. He spoke of two deaf-mute cigar manufacturers—the Colgan Bros., of Binghamton—

and suggested that they paste a copy of the manual alphabet on every box of cigars they send out.

The treasurer, Mr. Pimm, being absent, his report was read by Mr. Dantzer, and showed a balance of \$4.29 in favor of the Association.

Mr. Dantzer read the following report, as the result of the work of the Committee on Statistics:

COMMITTEE ON STATISTICS.

As the work of collecting statistics goes on, I see more and more the difficulty of gathering a satisfactory list of all deaf-mutes residing within my missionary field. There are many difficulties to be overcome. A good number positively refuse to give any information; those who have been asked to assist in securing the records, have not, it appears, given any attention to the matter, so the work has largely fallen on a single member of the Committee on Statistics. I have now the names of over five hundred deaf-mutes, nearly all adults, but of these I have complete records of only 346. Of these I will give the results of my findings:

1-36 yrs. old.	9-57 yrs. old.	10-35 yrs. old.
1-84	4-56	10-34
2-82	3-55	9-33
1-77	3-54	15-72
1-75	4-52	12-26
1-75	4-51	9-30
2-74	3-50	19-20
1-73	3-49	18-28
1-73	3-48	13-27
3-70	3-47	12-26
4-69	2-46	13-25
2-68	3-45	15-24
1-67	3-44	6-23
1-65	3-44	6-23
3-64	9-42	7-21
1-63	6-41	10-20
1-62	4-40	6-19
3-61	3-39	4-17
2-60	5-38	4-17
1-59	7-37	1-16
2-58	14-36	1-14

As to occupations, I find that there are 13 farmers; 10 farm hands; 10 laborers; 5 "handy-men"; 6 shoe lasters; 2 shoe cutters; 1 shoe brushmaker; 1 pattern-maker (shoes); 1 shoe-sewer; 10 cobblers; 1 leather carrier; 6 carpenters; 5 cabinet-makers; 2 wood-carvers; 1 wood-polisher; 1 casket-maker; 1 wood worker; 1 stove enter; 1 box-maker; 7 house-painters; 1 lather; 2 sawyers; 1 plasterer; 1 brick-maker; 1 carriage-strapper; 1 carriage-trimmer; 1 model and pattern-maker (iron); 1 metal-worker; 1 iron-moulder; 3 machinists; 1 camera maker; 1 optician; 1 book-binder; 1 jewelry case maker; 8 factory hands; 1 sorter in woolen-mill; 1 mender (knitting-mill); 1 milk-dealer; 1 peddler; 1 dyer; 1 adv. bill distributor; 1 compositor; 1 printer; 1 bank clerk; 1 shipping-clerk; 3 bankers; 1 clergyman; 6 instructors; 10 type-setters; 7 tailors; 3 tailoresses; 4 sewing girls; 5 dress-makers; 3 cigar-makers; 1 artist; 1 chromolith engraver; 1 butcher; 1 postal clerk; 1 blacksmith; 2 school assistants; 23 pupils; 17 doing nothing (many of them provided with competencies); and of the women a very large majority are engaged in household duties; some as wives, a few as servants.

Of the deaf-mutes, whose records I have, 145 are women and 173 are men; of the women 83 are single and 62 are married; of the married women 26 are childless; of the men 60 single and 84 married. Nineteen of the latter are without children; only three marriages in my records have produced deaf children.

There are twenty-eight deaths recorded in this list, of these nine died during the past year. The ages at death were: 32 known, are as follows: 32 cause of death: 32 gangrene; 27 killed by cars; 18 old age; 34 consumption; 73 cancer; 90 cause not made known; 73 injury in bicycle accident. Other deaths are as follows: 32 cause not given; 5 cause not given; 39 age; 63 kidney trouble; 17 consumption; 34 consumption; 23 pulmonary consumption; 45 cause not given; 31 consumption; 34 cause not given; 34 bronchial consumption; 50 pericarditis; 18 heart disease and dropsy; 73 gangrene; 27 injury from a fall; 26 measles; 34 cause not given; 30 abscess; 24 killed by cars; 63 abscess; 73 pneumonia; 55 pneumonia.

Mr. Fox: As an addenda to the excellent report offered by Mr. Dantzer, I wish to present an outline of work accomplished by other members of the committee on somewhat different lines, but tending to the same general result. The good accomplished by the association does not always appear on the surface; a great deal is done by individual members in the intervals between meetings, credit for which properly belongs to the Association whose records and collected statistics are at their disposal.

One of the purposes undertaken by this means was an effort to influence a powerful benevolent organization to permit the deaf to take advantage of the benefits as offered to its hearing members. Opposition was met on the score that the deaf were, on account of their deafness, too hazardous a risk. To meet this objection, a carefully prepared argument giving authorities and statistics was presented to the officers of the organization in question, and the case of the admission of deaf people to membership is under advisement, and probably will be favorably reported upon.

Another case attended to was that of a deaf young man who was being defrauded out of his rightful inheritance through the collusion of relatives. A full history of his case was prepared for him, put in clear English, and after his statements were verified, was placed in the hands of a lawyer, who will see that justice is done him.

These are some of the lines on which the association does good work in a quiet manner, and shows wherein it is deserving of more credit than is often allowed it.

Mr. Seliney said the association had helped the deaf as individuals as well as collectively. He instanced cases of unjust surveillance over the deaf, which had been mitigated.

Mr. Eddy thought Mr. Dantzer's paper practically proved that the deaf were as good risks for insurance companies as any other class of citizens.

Mr. Godfrey spoke of his efforts to have the deaf recognized in publications, and told how he succeeded in getting one or two societies of deaf-mutes a place in the *Brooklyn Eagle Almanac*.

President Jewell appointed the following committees:

Com. on Resolutions—Messrs. Seliney, Fox and Godfrey.

Com. on Nominations—Messrs. Hodgson, Doran and Wright.

Mr. Dantzer explained the arrangements for the trolley ride on Saturday, and then a recess was taken until two o'clock in the afternoon.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Previous to opening of the afternoon session, the deaf-mutes present were photographed in a group by Mr. Eddy, of Rome.

The afternoon session opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Quennell, which Principal Nelson of the Rome Institution interpreted into the sign language.

Mr. T. F. Fox read an informal paper entitled "The Association's Publications."

Through lack of the time in which to prepare it, I am unable to present a formal paper on a subject that is of peculiar interest to the members of this association and the deaf at large. I refer to the proceedings of the last three conventions held respectively at Utica, Saratoga and Rochester, which contain many valuable papers, with their discussions, under various headings, relating to the deaf, their interests and welfare.

To the deaf themselves, the full record of the work accomplished by the Association is always accessible through the columns of the *Journal* and *Register*, but there remains every important item of the work which should be made, and has always been made heretofore.

It may possibly surprise some of you to learn that there is scarcely a prominent library in this country or Europe which is not seeking these special reports on the deaf, containing information on their education, their religious training, family relations, social status, associations, and indeed on everything relating to them as a class.

For the past four years, as Chairman of the Committee in Publication of the National Association of the Deaf, I have had special opportunities of learning of the value placed on these reports by librarians, and the demand for literature relating to the education and the general condition of the deaf.

A copy of the proceedings of the Auxiliary Congress of the Deaf, held at Chicago in 1895, is now to be found in the leading libraries of the world, and I have in my possession numerous testimonials of the appreciation with which the reports of the deaf are received in frequent demand.

You will thus see the importance of collecting the printed files of our Association, for they are in frequent demand. I have had many requests for copies of the proceedings of your latest meetings, but have only been able to supply as far as the steady supply of literature relating to the deaf dated back more than thirty years, to the time when he was placed in New York, where he observed the work of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet in building up St. Ann's Church and the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes with great interest. So he had cordially welcomed Mr. Dantzer, when he established a branch of the church mission here in the parish. He only regretted that under the present arrangements the services could not be held more frequently, and hoped that might be remedied.

The Doctor closed with a short but very touching exhortation on prayer.

THE TROLLEY RIDE.

The trolley ride on Saturday, given by the Mayor of Binghamton, was largely participated in, in spite of the inclement weather. Two cars were filled, and the trip included a visit to Union, a summer resort, and the beautiful Ross Park. The Binghamton Hospital for the Insane was viewed with interest. It was formerly a home for inebriates. In it is confined Elbert C. Ketcham, a High Class graduate of Fairwood of 1878 or 1879. He has been there about fifteen years, and is hopelessly insane.

Where Should the Next National Convention Be Held?

DEAR EDITOR:—Where should to next and Sixth Convention of the National Association of the Deaf be held in 1899? "At Niagara Falls," is the answer. Why? Because the Pan-American Exposition or "the Exposition of all the Americans" will be held at the famous Falls. Its object will be to show the strides made by the Americans in a hundred years. The Paris Exposition of 1900 will be the most remarkable of the new Century, as ours will be the most remarkable thing of the closing one.

The American Exposition will open May 1st, 1899, and may last several months.

Niagara Falls is known abroad, and foreigners would readily come to this country to an exposition if they knew it would be held in this historic scenery.

Let the Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf vote for Niagara Falls and announce the result this summer or Fall!

Then the deaf in different parts of America may be able to establish what are known as "Niagara Falls Delegation Funds." As Niagara Falls is in the centre of the territory inhabited by the deaf people, the next National Convention will be the largest one that ever was held, if it will held at the Falls in 1899.

R. M. Z.

New Haven, Ct.

Mr. William Waldron, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., is doing well in the job printing business in New Haven, Ct.

Mr. Tryon Carpenter, of Michigan City, has returned home, after two weeks' visit with relatives in New Haven, Ct.

Miss Helen Housell, of Newark, N. J., is now in Haven, Ct., where she intends to remain for two weeks.

Miss Jennie Robertson, of New Haven, Ct., will leave next week for a rest at Hartford, Ct. Next Fall she will be married to Mr. Lester Holt, of Hartford, Ct.

Mr. George S. Porter, who has spent the month of July with his family at Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y., will be in the city to-day, and on Saturday will attend the Outing of the League of Elect Surds.

PHILADELPHIA.

Legislative Appropriations Approved.

TO TAX PARENTS OF PUPILS FOR THE DEFICIT.

Killed by Electricity—Variegated News.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The appropriations to the three largest schools for the deaf in our States have received the approval of Governor Hastings, since the date of our last letter. Therefore, the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Mt. Airy, receives \$240,000; the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, \$100,800; and the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, Scranton, \$43,200, making a grand total for the schools of \$384,000. There is at least one more school which has been receiving support from the State, but we do not know how much it will get this time. We refer to the School for the Training of Speech to Deaf Children before they are of School Age, at Bala. The above sums are considerably less than was asked for. They are for two school terms. If not enough, the schools will doubtless devise means to meet an expected deficit. The Mt. Airy School has already taken steps in the matter, according to the Philadelphia Press.

A circular letter has been sent to the parents of pupils, stating that, by the action of the Legislature which reduced the appropriation of the Institution, the cost per pupil thus allowed is \$240, and being twenty dollars less than the cost heretofore, it is insufficient. Parents are therefore requested to make up the difference by paying \$20 per child sent to school. It is optional with parents to pay the whole sum at one time or in two installments, but payment is required in advance.

Whether this plan will be successful or not we are not in a position to know. While we do think that parents ought to assist the Institution in such an emergency, in consideration of the great benefits which their children receive from it, we fear that it will prove a hardship to many, especially in cases where two or three children belong to one family. Add the charges for transportation to and from school and it will make a pretty big sum.

Wednesday's *Record* reported the following:

A young man groping his way about the waiting room at the Broad Street Station attracted the attention Hamilton, of the Twenty-ninth district, yesterday afternoon. The policeman spoke to the man and found he was blind, deaf and dumb.

He was taken to the station at Fifteenth and Vine Streets, where Lt.utenant Wilkins discovered that the stranger could communicate his thoughts in spite of the loss of three senses.

He was given a pencil and paper and with these he wrote that his name was John Sylvester; that he had been sent from Pittsburgh to this city upon a charity ticket and had arrived at the Broad Street Station just before the policeman found him. He also wrote that he had a mother and two sisters in this city, and had come here to be cared for by them. His age gave as 10. He could not give the address of his relatives.

Sylvester was sent to the Wayfarers' Lodge and the police will endeavor to locate his relatives.

A number of our deaf were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Frederick Bientzle, brother-in-law of our Miss Katie Eisele, and well-known to them, on Saturday evening, 24th. The Sunday *Record* contained the following account of his death.

A shock of 2400 volts of electricity from a switchboard last evening struck Frederick Bientzle dead in the saloon of his brother, August Bientzle, at the southeast corner of Fifth street and Lehigh avenue. Bientzle, who was fifty-two years of age, was engaged by his brother as superintendent of the place, and as twilight approached he went to the switchboard to turn off the electric fan and the time when the accident occurred to several are lights which light up the saloon.

No sooner had he touched the handle on the switchboard than he fell, without a groan, a lifeless corpse into a chair which stood near his brother, the bartender, Harry Eisele, and a number of people in the saloon at the time, went to his assistance, not thinking that he was dead, and laid him on the table. Dr. Longbridge, a neighboring physician, was summoned, but he at once pronounced life extinct.

An examination of the body showed no marks except where the electric bolt had passed through a pocket knife in his trousers pocket and seared the flesh on his right thigh. Just how the accident occurred seems to be something of a mystery, as the switch handle was found to be in perfect working order. It is supposed, however, that Bientzle had touched the metal work of the switch with his hand and that at the same time one of his feet had been in contact with the iron radiator pipes used to warm the room in winter.

Miss Eisele and the family have the sympathy of a large number of deaf in his death.

A Committee of the Clero Literary Association is arranging another excursion for its benefit.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer is expected to administer Holy Communion at All Souls' Church on Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock. Service is held in the Church every Sunday morning during the summer, Messrs. F. C. Snieland and J. S. Reider conducting.

Miss Cora Hammell, with her

mother, of Riverside, P. O., New Jersey, were interested visitors at All Souls' Church last Sunday.

Mr. Andrew J. Sullivan is visiting in Reading, Pa.

Messrs. W. Houston and R. E. Underwood are both learning the art of book binding. Strange of add, both are employed at the same place and both hail from Frankford. May they both be successful, too.

Joseph Mayer, Jr., sold out his barber shop about two weeks ago, and intends to return to his old trade of hat-making.

Mrs. E. D. Wilson is sojourning at Atlantic City, and Mr. Wilson joins her weekly, staying over Sunday.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stumpf is spending some weeks at Bower's, Delaware.

Miss Mary E. Taylor, of West Chester, Pa., is here on a shipping expedition.

Mrs. M. A. Paullin is now as well as can be expected of one of her age.

Mrs. J. J. Stevenson continues seriously sick, and the condition of Mrs. Rebecca L. Stevenson is said to be critical.

The excursion to Atlantic City may net about \$30. which is \$10 more than we estimated. Good for a small excursion, isn't it?

Although this is the second season of Willow Grove Park and its beauties, Messrs. Stevens and Reider paid their first visit to it last Saturday afternoon.

Messrs. Gunkel and Lipsett had an enjoyable trip up the Delaware River on Saturday afternoon. They were in quest of a suitable picnic ground, but found none to their liking.

J. S. R.

July 26, '97.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Edith Gray enjoyed herself exceedingly at the E. S. A. Convention. She goes home on Tuesday, July 27th.

Miss A. Gillen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is now in Binghamton, N. Y. She stops at Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's residence.

Misses Lena and Rachel Freyberg, of Poughkeepsie, were at Rockaway Beach last Saturday. They will return home in a few days.

Mr. Thos. Godfrey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., left Binghamton, N. Y., where he attended the E. S. A. Convention, on July 26th inst., for Niagara Falls. He will stay about four days.

Miss M. E. Carroll, of Rochester, N. Y., attended the E. S. A. Convention. She has been enjoying herself in Binghamton for the past three weeks. She leaves for Syracuse Picnic this week.

Mr. Jas. Nash and family enjoyed a pleasant day at Highland Beach, Saturday, the 24th inst., and sincerely proposes to be there for the third time since '96, on the 31st inst., with a full hope of meeting his many friends, and he wishes to say all who do not go, will greatly regret losing such an opportunity for enjoying so healthful and glorious a time at the beach, as it is the first offered by any silent organization, and at half the price Mr. Nash went by rail, and by land it is not a tenth as enjoyable as by water route. What Mr. LeClerc has described in last week's columns of this, my beloved paper, is enough spoken and the "truth given." Mothers, bring your children to a most enjoyable beach for them to dig and amuse themselves, only costing ten cents for a beach pall and nothing more, or bring one cheaper before embarking for the trip, it will save you a large amount of trouble.

Prisoners Wouldn't Answer.

After three police sergeants, four patrolmen and an ambulance surgeon had spent half an hour in a vain effort to get the names of two prisoners in the Coney Island Police Station last night, they learned that the men were deaf-mutes.

Policeman Daly saw a couple of men sitting opposite the station-house enjoying a can of beer. He ordered them to move on, but they didn't pay any attention to him. He dragged them to the station-house.

They were questioned as to names and addresses, but did not answer. Everybody in the house took a hand at the investigation, and after some hard language had been used one of the men wrote on a sheet of paper that they were deaf-mutes.

The men who said they were George and William Podrich, of No. 44 New Street, New York. They were sent home.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES. AUGUST 1st.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, THREE P.M.

Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn.

Services in Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., are suspended during August.

NEW YORK.

Now for the Outing Saturday.

DOINGS OF THE DEAF.

A Brick Bat for "A. Quad"
--R. D. Livingston, Editor and Publisher--The L. A. C.'s Big Leak--Mid-Summer Gossip.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 226 East 59th Street, New York City.

Saturday the League of Elect Surds will have their outing, weather permitting. So much has been said about this affair, that all must be familiar with the particulars. There will surely be a big crowd, and this means a jolly good time among so many friends.

All should bear in mind these points:

1. If it is a rainy day, the outing will be postponed till the following Saturday. If rainy again, then till the next. Tickets bought of members are good for the postponement.

2d. Buy your tickets of members only. There are two rival boat companies, and a mistake will be your own, and not accepted on the wrong boat. Members will be at the dock with tickets. A badge goes with each ticket bearing the name of League of Elect Surds.

3. Embark at West 13th Street in preference to the Battery. Be on hand early--before 8.15--or even before eight. Boat is there all night.

From various sources it is learned a good many from out of town will be there. Once at Highland Beach the picnic commences, and there will be six full hours in which to enjoy it and take in the sights. Returning boat leaves at 5 P.M., arriving at her dock in two hours.

Bring your bicycles with you if you wish. At the beach you can hire boats and tackle, or take a plunge in the water.

Saturday, July 31st--don't forget! Five of the Silent Wheelmen, including Captain LeClere, President Soper, A. C. Baehrach, and Willie Long, spinned over to Paterson, N. J., Sunday and at the Falls were met by S. W. McClellands and William Atkinson. The road were quite bad, but all had a hearty good time, with three hours at the Falls. Near Bagota the Captain's front wheel ran away with the fork while going over a bridge. I did not ask him what he paid for fare from there to New York.

Sunday's Press has a column account of the Silent Wheelmen. The Press should be read by all cyclists, as it devotes more space to the wheel every day than any other paper.

"A Quad" seems to be trying hard to impress the public that his wheel is a brand new, high grade '97 one. Behold! he says: "I again wish to call attention to the folly of investing in second-hand wheels. Nine times out of ten they will be found worthless, and in the end dearer than a brand new, high grade wheel of recent make." Evidently he thinks all must get a new \$100 or \$75 wheel, or do without one. Those who can easily plank down the price will do well, but those who cannot, will do the next best thing by buying a second-hand wheel of well-known and reliable make, than a cheap one with no reputation to back it. If "A Quad" wants any facts to support this, I have them ready to offer. All the deaf have not the means to get the best, and they get what they can just afford, they do not want their feelings hurt by such remarks as emanate from the pen of a writer, whose experience with a wheel of his own, dates back but ten weeks, and which wheel has got out of order more often than any second-hand wheel owned by any deaf-mute--yet of the latter, there are but six or eight out of over a hundred in this city and Brooklyn.

"The Liquor Dealer," is the title of a periodical in magazine form that reached me Monday. It was Volume 2, Number 5, published at Los Angeles, Cal., at the top of the editorial page stands the name of "R. D. LIVINGSTON, Editor and Publisher." "Bob" has our best wishes for success. He certainly is a wide-awake and energetic young fellow, and can get along in this world with his ready stock of wit and industry.

Misses Rachael and Priscilla Freyberg, of Poughkeepsie have been lingering in the city for a few weeks and will return home Monday. They were the guests of Mrs. T. I. Lounsbury, Monday.

Three deaf-mutes, J. Farrell, R. Gleason and R. Drennan, who were employed in a cracker factory from two to eight years, were last week laid off indefinitely.

H. Zerwich is now in Boston.

Geo. Changnon is back in town from Chicago.

J. Lyons, who has won quite a reputation as a life saver, was at Bath Beach, Sunday. He has five medals awarded for his heroic rescues.

According to R. D. Livingston's paper, "in this country, one hundred years ago, the church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors."

Bernard Huhn is enjoying himself in Binghamton with parties and gatherings that make him wish he could stay there always. He finds steady company with Fred King there.

W. S. Abrams has been ailing for a few days, and attributes it to malaria.

Twelve members resigned from the Lexington Athletic Club, at the meeting last week.

J. Stauch's wheel is a "Pattee," and as green as the Isle of Erin.

J. Kenyon, of Oswego, N. Y., who was in this city last week and on the excursion, has left for home.

Miss Gussie Harper, of Scranton, Pa., is still in this vicinity.

Mr. Gibson McConnell, formerly of Poughkeepsie, now is working in Flushing, L. I.

TED.

MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Nordyke, of near Laporte, and Mr. Joseph Bixler, of Elkhart, dined with Miss Daisy Hostetler, of Michigan City, Sunday, July 18th.

Mr. Joseph Bixler, of Elkhart, spent several days with the Cross community at Waterford two weeks ago, combining business with pleasure. He made the trip on his wheel, returning home July 19th.

The Laporte and South Bend Missions meet July 31st, the former at 2 o'clock and the latter at 7 P.M.

Mrs. H. W. Whitmore, of Laporte, returned home July 21st, from a week's outing at Lakeside, Mich., where her husband's relatives have a summer cottage.

Mr. Whitmore spent Sunday, the 18th, at Lakeside.

The State papers say that Governor Mount is in favor of a general reduction of salaries among the officials of the State institutions. It will, in all probability, affect the employees of the School for the Deaf at Indianapolis, providing such a bill is passed.

Mr. Barnum Cross, of Waterford, went to Goldsmith July 18th, to spend a couple of days with a married daughter, and on his return, was accompanied by his wife and two children, who had been visiting there for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cloud, of this city, took advantage of an excursion to Laporte, Sunday, the 18th, to visit Mrs. Cloud's former home.

We are still pegging away at the huckleberries, and gaining considerable in freckles and sunburn.

Rev. Jasper Cross, of this city, returned July 17th, from a two weeks' pastoral trip through northern Indiana, in the interests of the Dunkard denomination.

Mr. Will Greathouse is now working at Peru, instead of at Warsaw, as was erroneously reported in our last letter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Swift, of Indianapolis, recently moved to 312 N. Temple Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jackson live nearby, at the corner of East Washington and Rural Streets.

Miss Hattie McCaffrey, of Ft. Wayne, has returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., where she attended a Catholic school for the Deaf, during the past term. She attended school at Indianapolis for a year some time ago.

Mr. Ben. F. Stech, of Majenica, went to Ft. Wayne on an excursion, July 18th.

Miss Lou McCormick, of Hobart, arrived in the city on the 21st inst., to visit Miss Daisy Hostetler. Miss McCormick did not come as soon as was expected, on account of having guests to entertain at home. Her folks have changed their plans in regard to moving to Hammond, and are still at Hobart.

One of our private correspondents has asked how we come to know so much about the happenings in deaf circles, as reported in our letters to the JOURNAL, and humorously suggests we must have called in the aid of the X-rays to discover things.

For the benefit of this particular person and all others, who may be of a like opinion, we will say, the items are sent us by persons who enjoy seeing their names in print, and as we receive compensation for our correspondence, we are so pleased to receive anything in the way of news that we quite overlook their egotism.

And for the benefit of those who are disposed to criticize our letters, as we have known some to do, we will add, if they don't like what we write, they are not compelled to read it.

"PITTI-SING."

July 23, '97.

Mrs. George Homer met Dr. Cutler, of New York City, at Buzzard's Bay. He was once a director of the New York Institution. Mrs. Homer also passed the home of ex-President Grover Cleveland at Gray Gables.

VIRGINIA.

Fourth Biennial Convention Near at Hand.

EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.

A Fine Programme Perfected and a General All-round Good Time Expected--Personal, Etc.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., July 26.

The biennial convention of the Virginia Association of the Deaf will meet in this city Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 11, 12 and 13, next. The arrangements have all been perfected. The Hotel Gleason will be headquarters and the railways of the State have granted reduced rates for the occasion, tickets limited until August 15th.

The sessions of the convention will be opened Wednesday night at eight o'clock, instead of in the morning as is usually done. This change is made to save those attending from running up their hotel bills--they need not arrive here before Wednesday afternoon,--and also to escape the intense heat which has characterized the former meetings. It will also give the hearing people a chance to be present, as the stores are closed at seven o'clock and everybody is at liberty to go anywhere after that hour. It is expected the large assembly hall where the meetings will be held, will be packed with hearing people Wednesday night, and the interest thus awakened will cause many to return on Thursday to see the business of the association transacted.

Wednesday night the main business will be the welcome of the convention to the city by the Mayor, the response thereto, and then the usual opening address by the president of the body. The Hon. John E. Massey, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has accepted an invitation to be present and address the meeting; as has also Superintendent W. A. Bowles, of the Institution at Staunton. The appointment of committees will also be announced at the night session.

Thursday morning the convention will reassemble at nine o'clock, and business will be gone through until adjournment for dinner--when, if not finished, there will be a short afternoon session. At four o'clock P.M., handsome large four-horse tally-hos will be drawn up in line at the hotel, and the visitors will be invited to take a three hours' drive to Monticello, the University of Virginia, the great McCormick Observatory, Brooke Museum, and other points of interest. This is given complementarily by the resident members of Charlottesville.

At night Thursday occurs the grand banquet, and responses to toasts, and then the ball and dance which will be kept up until everybody is tired out.

Up at 6 o'clock Friday morning breakfast at once, and a two minutes' walk to the Union depot to the coaches especially reserved for the deaf-mutes. At 7:30 o'clock a long train of coaches will pull into the depot from Lynchburg, and to this will be hitched the deaf people's coaches and other coaches filled by Charlottesville hearing people, and the big locomotive will toot-toot, the bell ding-dong, and off goes the happy crowd for a 113-mile ride to grand, beautiful Washington City--the most beautiful city in the world, founded by a great Virginian, General George Washington!!! Arriving at Washington City, all will perhaps take a route which will include the mammoth grand Capitol, the great tall Washington Monument (all who desire going to the top--555 feet). Then the trip will be continued to other points, and, if time permits, a train of electric trolley cars will be booked for a 15-mile ride to Mt. Vernon the old home and burial place of General Washington.

This excursion to Washington City is run under the auspices and for the benefit of the "Virginia Association of Deaf-Mutes"--which body will receive a very large percent of the receipts. The association is to be heartily congratulated upon being able to make such a good arrangement with a railroad company by which its treasury will be very considerably replenished. Ten thousand 35x44 and 15x18 hand-bills have been printed by the railroad company, advertising the train, etc. The work was handsomely done. The representative and agent of the association is now travelling all over the route between Lynchburg and Washington--a distance of 175 miles--advertising and talking up generally the trains.

The State Democratic Convention meets at Roanoke on the same dates as our association, and this will necessarily claim most of the institution board members, they all being very prominent men in the service of their State.

Prof. Euritt, who is now visiting in Cambridge, Md., will be present at the convention.

The president is the busiest man these days--even busier than President McKinley. His mail is a very large one at this writing--mostly postal cards with a few words written upon them, to the effect that So-and-So is coming to the convention. While it would not be reasonable to expect all who want to come to be able to do so these hard times, yet the indications point to a large meeting.

Mr. Humbert is at home from Arkansas. He will be present at the convention.

Miss Ola Moore, of Danville, took in Washington, June 1st.

Miss May Barrow is visiting relatives and friends in Bluefield, Co., Va. She is also coming to attend the meeting.

Miss Lavinia Argabright, of Bluefield, W. Va., has returned home from Radford. She has recovered from a recent serious illness. She will grace the convention with her presence.

Before City is Ada Miller's home.

Miss Lina Davidson contemplates attending college at Washington next fall.

Mr. H. M. Chamberlayne has returned from a pleasant visit to relatives and friends in Appomattox County.

They have a Bible reading class at Mrs. W. C. Ritter's, and Mr. S. C. Jones attended an interesting service there June 13th. Any one who happens to be in that city on Sunday, is cordially requested to attend the class.

J. L. Rucker, of Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, W. Va., has been appointed principal of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind School at Romney, W. Va., in place of Mr. Hill. It's a pity "Moses" has been "simply ignored."

Mr. S. C. Jones went to Roanoke on business for two days, July 28th.

Miss Florence Williams may not go back to Gallaudet College next fall.

B. L. Winston, Jr., who has been attending the Kendall Green School for the past few sessions, is said to be going to the Staunton School next fall.

H. S. Anderson, formerly of Virginia, has gone to New York City, where has a position.

"Susie Day, of Warrenton," is a false name given by the great "Moses," of the Register.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritter will leave for one month's visit to relatives and friends in Flewama County just after the convention.

ANTI-MOSES-ISM.

WEDDING BELLS.

BAARS--SEELY.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., July 20.--A wedding, not less interesting to the unfortunate people who are obliged to hear the din of a busy world and man's complaint against the weather, than to the fraternity of deaf-mutes, was the ceremony, which united Miss Margaret Hopping Seely, of East Orange, and Mr. Fred. W. Baars, of Chicago. The matrimonial knot was tied this evening, at the home of the bride's parents--Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Seely--in the presence of a hundred guests or more. The rites were administered by Rev. Dr. William V. Wilson, of New Monmouth, N. J., and interpreted for the bride and groom and the other mutes who attended, by Mr. Harrie M. Cook, of Chicago University, a young clergyman, who has achieved marked success in the study of the beauty and grace of the silent signs.

The parlors of the cosy little home were beautifully adorned with cut flowers and potted plants, and the bridal party stood beneath an arch of evergreen. Miss Seely was attended by her sister, Miss Fannie, and given away by her father. Mrs. Charles E. Penfield, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., presided at the piano.

The bride was attired in a gown of white nun's veiling, prettily trimmed with bows of white silk, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The bridesmaid wore a very becoming white organdie creation adorned with roses.

At the termination of the wedding ceremony, in which the ring was used, a cordial reception was extended to the guests. After refreshments had been served, the presents, whose numbers and elegance told of the bride's good fortune and good friends, were displayed.

Guests were present from New York, Brooklyn, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Newark, Boston, Springfield, Mass., Chicago, Philadelphia, East Orange, Middletown, N. J., New Monmouth, and Port Monmouth, N. J., Hightstown, N. J., and Milltown, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Baars left, after the wedding, for Brooklyn, whence they will return to East Orange Friday. On Saturday they will go to Philadelphia, later to Pittsburgh, and start for their home in Chicago Monday. Mr. Baars is connected with the Chicago University press.

Mr. C. B. Stevens, father of Mr. Randal Douglas, died of nervous prostration, on the 12th inst., aged 70 years.

COLUMBUS.

Two Deaf-Mutes Killed at Once.

THEY WERE WALKING THE RAILROAD.

Items of Interest.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

To those who know Alex. Bergfield and John Kilday, the following clipping, taken from the Toledo News, will be of interest, as it gives an account of their death on the railroad track last Saturday morning:

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern express No. 322, due at Monroe at 4:55 A.M., struck two men at a crossing about two miles south of the city this morning.

The train was 28 minutes late and running at a terrific rate. The engineer gave the alarm by blowing the whistle, but the unfortunate were evidently deaf-mutes and did not hear the alarm and never knew what struck them.

Both bodies were horribly mangled by the blow and one fell on each side of the track. The train was stopped and backed to the scene of the tragedy.

The train hands put the bodies in the baggage car and brought them to this city. One of the unfortunate was above five feet ten inches and had sandy hair and was fairly well dressed. Papers on his person prove him to be John Kilday, a cigar-maker, and a member of the Chicago union. His card numbered 48583, Branch 69, of Three Rivers, Mich., and his book showed he was in good standing.

The other unfortunate was about five feet six inches, dark complexion and from appearances a mute. He sold pencils, etc. The only papers found on his person were two cards, one from a Toledo business house and the other bearing the name of Joseph Verner.

The men were walking on the tracks towards Monroe and the train struck them from the back and mangled the bodies in a horrible manner. The remains are at Coroner Mulholland's morgue awaiting identification.

Mr. Benjamin P. Greene and Joseph Hartz, of Toledo, on hearing of the accident, hastened to Monroe identified the other mute as Alex. Bergfield, a former pupil of this school during the superintendency of Amasa Pratt.

Bergfield's relatives at New Concord, O., were notified of his death, but they refused to take the body, so it was shipped to a Medical College in Ann Arbor, Mich.

There was one eye-witness to this sad tragedy--a farmer. He heard the whistle blow and saw the mutes walking calmly on in the middle of the track. Their arms were continually motioning, which shows they were in an earnest conversation. The farmer ran to them and endeavored to warn them of their impending doom, but they never noticed him until it was too late.

Bergfield was knocked clear against the telegraph wires a distance of 45 feet. He held his hands up over his head seemingly to grab at the wires. Kilday was knocked head over heels, rolled and pushed along the track by the cow catcher for a considerable distance. Bergfield's body was found on the left side of the tracks and Kilday's on the right. Perhaps this is the first instance of two mutes being killed at the same time. When, oh, when will the other careless mutes profit by the fate of their kinsmen and avoid the railroad track forever after? If they wish to journey on foot, why don't they take to the roads instead of to the railroads. Let this be another warning to them. Who cares to be the next victim?

Daniel I. Whitehead took advantage of the cool weather last Saturday afternoon to spin to West Jefferson, where he visited Geo. Shade. They had a jolly time romping about on the farm. Daniel returned Sunday afternoon tired out, of course.

Clarence Jones, on account of an excursion, sped to Toledo last Sunday, spending the day with a handsome young lady--Miss Blanche D. Greene. No wonder, on coming back, he had a deal to say of that enjoyable occasion.

A directory of the deaf of the Queen City and its suburbs has been compiled by Louis J. Bacheberle, an enterprising young deaf-mute. It contains a list of the mutes with their address, the population of the deaf of Ohio and its largest cities, a number of pleasure resorts of Cincinnati of interest to mutes visiting there, a schedule of outgoing trains, etc., etc. It's a valuable guide to mutes, strangers in so large a city as Cincinnati.

The front of the school has recently received its coat of light yellow paint. As the front was elaborately trimmed with stone, that hard element was kept visible by being painted a dark way. No doubt the children will, in the fall, look upon the sight with exclamations of Ah! My! How beautiful! and the like.

Miss Cora Dickson received a sad letter from her father at New Concord, O. It stated that his home had been struck by lightning and burnt to the ground last Sunday. She leaves for that city tomorrow to see the state of her father. All hope he is well off.

The little group of bindery girls that visited Cincinnati last Sunday

had a right royal time at the various pleasure resorts. Their glowing accounts of the visit inspired two, Miss Belle McRedmond and Frank Jones, to go who, leave the coming Sunday.

Miss Rodman absented herself for several days from Columbus. The cause was the death of her father at Logan, O. We sympathize with her in the loss.

A few days before the close of school and on the morning just before the children's departure, they were photographed in front of the Institution by Baker. The picture has just been submitted, and looks nice in its handsome frame.

Albertus Wornstaff, '99 of Gallaudet College appeared in the city from his home in Ashley. Says he is doing nothing, but giving his brains a needed rest after their nine months' mental work at booklore. Will leave this evening.

Mr. W. H. Zorn has pitched his tents on Middle Bass Island, in Lake Erie, for a month's camp. The place selected by him is an ideal one. It is on a point of land, well shaded by large trees, and commanding a fine view of the lake and several of the islands, Put-in-Bay town being in sight on the south. The lake steamers plying between the lake cities and the islands are seen daily from the camp. A large row boat, rented from Mr. A. B. Davis, the deaf boatman of Sandusky, contributes to the enjoyment of camp life, while a little cove formed by the rocks of the shore affords a nice place to land and keep the boat. A little stove lightens the labor of cooking. Cool breezes blow continually, and a temperature of 96 to 100 with shade is matter of no concern when one is resting in camp. There are no mosquitoes on the island.

At present Messrs. Charles Ventz, Aug and Fred Schwartz, are in camp with Mr. Zorn, and from latest reports are enjoyed it immensely. When their vacations are over, then places will be taken by Messrs. McGregor, Patterson Zell, and others in turn. Mr. Zorn invites his friends to call on him in camp whenever they find it convenient to do so. His address is Put-in-Bay, O.

W. F. S.

July 24, '97.

Thief Fought for Liberty.

PRETENDED TO BE DEAF AND DUMB.

The efforts of the police to discover the speak thief who has been responsible for the many daring robberies reported at the West 125th Street station recently culminated in the arrest of a man loaded down with booty.

The arrest was made at 147th Street and Seventh Avenue after a hard chase and a fight between the thief and captor, Detective Henry Wolf, of the West Thirtieth Street station. The thief entered the apartment house No 212 West 143d street shortly before six o'clock and knocked on the door on the apartment occupied by William P. Perkins. He presented a letter stating that he was deaf and dumb and needed assistance.

He then went up stairs to Mrs. Mary Willgohn's room, and finding it vacant appropriated her pocket-book containing \$1.25 and a check for \$20. Then he made a bundle of a silver sugar bowl, a silver milk pitcher, a silver salt box, two silver knives, two silver forks, and a silver spoon, and decamped. He made his escape from the house, but a moment later Mrs. Willgohn discovered her loss and ran downstairs crying "Stop thief!" at the top of her voice.

Detective Wolf lives at No. 243 West 143d Street, and was standing on the stoop. He gave chase to the thief, being joined by Mr. Perkins and, after a run of a block and a half, caught him.

The chief would not surrender when caught, and, grasping the detective by the throat, battle for his liberty. Wolf tried to handcuff his prisoner, and finally succeeded in throwing him to the sidewalk and slipping the cuffs over his hands. Then he turned him over to Mounted Policeman Newman, who had arrived, and he was taken to the West 126th Street station.

He said he was Frank Howard, twenty-eight years old an iron worker, and refused to tell where he lived. The police believe that he has committed many robberies in the district. He made an attempt to swallow the letter which stated that he was deaf and dumb, but did not succeed. He could both speak and hear. The silverware and other articles were recovered. Detective Wolf presented a bedragged appearance after the encounter.

SERVICES IN THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

AUGUST.

1-3 P.M., Christ Church, Herkimer. Evening Prayer.

No meetings of the Albany Society will be held during August.

H. VAN ALLEN, Lay-Missionary.

CHICAGO.

Cullings from Here and There

IN THE WESTERN METROPOLIS.

A Greater New York Dog--Other News Items.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

The daily papers of July 12th mentioned the bravery of a deaf and dumb boy, Herman Bergesten, in saving a child who was in a burning building at 587 Sangamon Street.

Miss Grace Rhodes is spending a fortnight's relaxation from her home in Kankakee, Ill.

Miss Eliza Gabler is visiting friends at Momence, Ill.

Miss Freida Baumann is the guest of Miss Mabel Connor, at La Porte, Ind.

Miss Mary Alice Carroll, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been spending a week in this city. She was accompanied by her mother, who was one of the delegates to the C. L. B. A. Convention held here last week.

Regarding the Wheelmen matter, "Ted" is referred to "A. Quad's" column in this issue.

Mr. Brockhagen, one of the late graduates of Gallaudet, was in town over Sunday, he being on his way to his Iowa home.

The New York Journal of Sunday, the 18th inst, says Helen Keller lost her "faculties" at the age of eight years. If this is so I can, not see where the wonderful claims made for her could find much of a basis, as at that age her intelligence should have been pretty well developed. However, the Journal may be wrong.

Miss Minnie Huddleston, of Los Angeles, Cal., is in the city visiting Miss De Long, formerly of the same city. Miss Huddleston is on her way to West Virginia to visit relatives.

Miss Zoe Lain, of North Judson, Ind., was seen at church Sunday.

Mrs. E. D. Hunter is expecting to entertain Miss Vina Smith, of White Lick, Ind., soon.

Mrs. C. T. Sullivan was in Batavia, Ill., Saturday, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sullivan and also attending a picnic at Laurelwood Park there.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Sullivan were agreeably surprised to have their son, Robert, drop in on them Sunday. They had not seen him for a year, as he is a jockey and travels all over the country. He is at present engaged at the Fort Erie, Ont., track, and will return there Monday.

Miss M. A. Carroll was entertained at the weekly tennis party at Washington Park, Saturday. The same evening she left for Buffalo via Green Bay, Wis.

The dailies tell us that "in New York the other day several deaf-mutes sang several popular selections by gracefully utilizing their fingers." If New York deafism is to have a glee club in addition to the other adjuncts, Chicago might as well throw up the sponge. I don't come to this conclusion hastily, as we have one or two among our deaf citizens, who can do as well, but it is the "several" in the item quoted which causes me to cry quits. I'll wager "Ted," "A. Quad," A. L. P. and J. F. O'B. compose the "quartette" of this new club. How pleased "Ted" will be to see Chicago "confessing judgment," as it were.

On the 15th inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Raffington, a very pleasant surprise party was given Mr. Raffington in honor of his 69th birthday anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Raffington are numbered among the pioneer citizens of this city, and it is a treat to get them into reminiscent moods, as they have a host of stories, and know how to tell them, too.

Jacob Gotthaimer is just now the hero of the day. "How he conquered a mad canine and saved his dog's life," is upon the finger tips of all. It happens Jake has a fine fox-terrier, and one of the hot days (imported from G. N. Y.) lately the dog went mad. Instead of calling on the police he captured the dog after a pretty hard tussle, and placing it in a room by itself he proceeded to apply his own treatment. Result: The dog is now as sprightly as ever, and Jacob is casting his eye eastward towards Surgeon Rose's bailiwick, believing it offers a more fruitful field.

You see, it was the "Glee Club" that has done the thing. We have everything but that--even Surgeons. But wait--some day Chicago will once more forge to the front, and--shall I tell it?--we will have a "dumb band," and then Greater New York will once more be Greener New York.

P. S.--Boston style of dumb band,

SILENT STEED.

The Pas-a-Pas Wheel-
of Chicago.

HAVE THE DEAF IN GER-
MANY MORE CLUBS
THAN WHEELS?

The Silent Wheelmen, of New
York--Notes.

Facts are now at hand that show that the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen of Chicago, to be oldest as well as the largest organization in this country. The fact that to be a member of the wheelmen one must first join the Pas-a-Pas Club, is the more creditable, and I wish to congratulate the Chicago wheelmen.

Before the statement that in Germany they have the largest number of bicycle clubs composed of deaf-mutes, can be believed, more proofs must be given. We are not jealous of our German cousins across the water, but it's facts that we want, not mere statements. It is a well known fact that three-fourths of all the bicycles imported in Germany come from the United States. Are the deaf in the Fatherland all well-to-do, or notwithstanding the customs duty for importation, are they sold there cheaper than in this country?

THE PAS-A-PAS WHEELMEN OF
CHICAGO.

The following communication
just received explains it self:

CHICAGO, ILL., July 23, 1897.

MR. A. QUAD,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Noting your comments on the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen in the JOURNAL of July 15th, I wish to, as far as possible, correct the wrong impression the New York World article seems to have given you of the Wheelmen. The article in the World was evidently a syndicate article that is somewhat "shop worn," as it not only gives the 1896 officers of the Wheelmen, but also the membership as it was then and the accompanying. If it was the same as recently appeared in the Chicago Times-Herald, was a "last year's edition," it being from a photo taken in Washington Park last summer.

The Wheelmen have never claimed to be "the only pebble on the beach." If the papers have it so, it is no fault of theirs (the Wheelmen).

I attach hereto the roster of club as it now is, and you will see my figures were not stretched. There were no deaths in the ranks up to this writing.

Yours truly,
F. P. GIBSON.

The article referred above as "shop worn" and "last year edition" as having recently appeared in the Chicago Times-Herald is also received. The article is the same as recently appeared in the New York Evening World, except the cut, which is reduced to two wheelmen only, while the Chicago paper shows fourteen.

The roster of the Pas-a-Pas Wheelmen is thirty-one, an increase of six since last year. Here it is:

1. H. A. Brimble,
2. G. H. Cartter,
3. C. C. Codman,
4. M. E. Cox,
5. J. F. Carroll,
6. C. P. Day,
7. Frank Erb,
8. F. P. Gibson,
9. W. Gilpin,
10. J. Gotthaimer,
11. H. R. Hart,
12. F. C. Hartung,
13. F. R. Hyman,
14. A. Jacoby,
15. W. Kalk,
16. F. Kaufman,
17. E. D. Kingon,
18. W. J. La Motte,
19. H. F. Lathrop,
20. A. I. Liebenstein,
21. Adolph Olson,
22. O. H. Regensburg,
23. M. Schuttler,
24. Fred Stephens,
25. E. Schroeder,
26. George Taylor,
27. Oscar Thorsell,
28. J. K. Watson,
29. Emil Weiler,
30. W. B. Wayman,
31. W. Zollinger.

The Wheelmen are all members of the Pas-a-Pas Club, and is the oldest in the United States, having been organized a little over a year ago.

It would be interesting if the Secretary of the club would send a brief history of the organization and of their runs.

In the New York Press last Sunday appeared an article about the Silent Wheelmen. Accompanying it also appeared a fine picture of Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq, the Captain of the club. Part of it is here given:

"Many people may doubt that a deaf-mute can ride a bicycle in the crowded city streets with the same degree of safety manifested by a person who has not lost the sense of hearing. He can do it, though, just as well, and in this city and Chicago there are deaf-mute cyclists

who travel about as freely as their more fortunate brothers.

"Here in the metropolis the deaf-mute cyclists have banded themselves together under the club name of Silent Wheelmen, and today the organization is growing and productive of just as much wholesome amusement to its members as the Harlem Wheelmen, or the Century Wheelmen, or any club of hearing riders. Not being able to detect sound, it may strike most people as being almost impossible for the deaf to avoid contact with danger in crowded streets, yet they do it with precision, seldom figuring in mishaps of any sort.

"In reply to a question, 'Are not the deaf cyclists subject to much danger?' Captain Charles J. Le Clercq replied:

"We deaf have had our eyes so trained on the road that we notice the slightest thing that is in any manner out of the way, and are thereby able to read danger. We watch the shadows on our sides on bright, sunny days, while on cross streets where a wagon is passing, the first thing we look at is the horse's head. By that we are able to tell which way the driver intends to go; if to the left, the horse's head is turned that way in obedience to the pull of the rein, and vice versa if the driver wants to go to the right. When a party of deaf-mutes desire to stop on the road the leader holds up his hand; if it is desired to go on the leader motions to advance. The holding up of the hand is also employed to notify of dangerous grades, and rarely has it happened that a member of the Silent Wheelmen has been injured while on a tour. If anything, they seem to be more careful than those favored with the sense of hearing."

"Organized early in the season on a call issued by Mr. Le Clercq, who for years has been identified with athletics, the club has now twenty-six members, with every prospect of more before the season ends. It aims to include in its membership every deaf-mute in Greater New York who desires to learn to ride, or who is already an enthusiast of the wheel. The nucleus of the organization came from the League of Elect Surds, a social club, having a constitution and by-laws making it impossible for a wheeling branch.

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[The roster of the Silent Wheelmen, as recently printed in this column, is given in full.]

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"In the election of officers for the first year, care was taken to select only those who had a full knowledge of the requirements of a cycle club. Mr. L. N. Soper is the president, Mr. Anthony Capelli the secretary, and Mr. J. Alexander the treasurer. The captain of the club, is Mr. Chas. J. Le Clercq, who has had as much experience in athletics and cycling as any other member of the club.

Many people identified with the Manhattan Athletic Club will recall Le Clercq as the deaf-mute member, who won many wrestling bouts, besides many foot races, in the old days of the sport. It was while holding membership in this club that Le Clercq learned to ride a wheel under the direction of George Banker, the well known racing man, who has since retired from the path. Previous to joining the Cherry Diamond Club Le Clercq took part in athletics under the colors of the American Athletic Club and the Titan Athletic Club.

As a tourist Mr. Le Clercq has few equals in the Silent Wheelmen. He is not now a racing man, having abandoned competition when he forsook athletics. As a rider on the road he is one of the strongest and steadiest, and on this account is particularly well fitted for the office of captain.

The Chicago deaf-mute wheeling organization is known as the Pas-a-Pas Club, and although much older than the Silent Wheelmen, is more prosperous.

* * * * *

Plans are now under way to make the local club a member of the League of American Wheelmen, and it is likely that the Chicago organization will follow suit. On September 11, the Silent Wheelmen will have their first annual picnic and games at Fort Wendel, 194th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

A bicycle tournament for deaf-mutes has lately been discussed, and possibly the Silent Wheelmen may conduct it. It is not likely, however, that the proposed tournament will be held this season. It is argued that there are enough deaf-mute cyclists in this section to make the meet a success. The novelty of the affair would certainly appeal to the racing enthusiasts.

The run of the Silent Wheelmen last Sunday was to Paterson Falls. Messrs. Soper, Lounsbury, Willie Long, A. C. Bachrach, were at the West Forty-second Street Ferry when Captain and Mrs. Le Clercq arrived after 9 A.M. The party after crossing the river wheeled to Rutherford, here Mrs. Le Clercq was left with friends. The wheelmen then soon reached Passaic, where two deaf-mutes were met,

one whom was no other than Mr. Samuel McClelland, who at one time, before he was married, used to be in New York as much as in New Jersey. From Passaic they wheeled to Paterson Falls. An outing party were playing baseball near their stopping place, a quiet spot about two miles from the city limits. Three hours was spent here. The return trip was changed as the road was in bad condition. At Hackensack, the front fork of Captain Le Clercq's wheel broke, and he had to return home by the cars. The others returned safe and sound by Fort Lee Ferry.

A deaf-mute met with an accident while riding on the west side Saturday afternoon. He collided with another rider. No one to blame. An Ambulance Surgeon dressed the wound of the hearing ride. The deaf-mute was unhurt, but his wheel was damaged.

Several deaf-mutes will bring their wheels to the Outing of the League of Elect Surds, this Saturday, July 31st, and from Highland Beach intend to make a run to Asbury Park, twenty-four miles both ways. If the roads are in fine condition, they will go to Sea Girt, the New Jersey State Camp grounds, which will be worth visiting.

On the first of next month, in company with Mr. George Sidney Porter, a tour of two weeks' duration will be made a wheel. The route will be Long Island, thence the New England States. An account will be given in this column.

Yes, it is very simple, especially to a Trojan, that a man riding a wheel is a wheel. Yes, after he saw it stated in this column.

A. QUAD.

Vancouver, Wash.

The governor, accompanied by his secretary, J. E. Ballaine, arrived in the city Tuesday morning. He came here for the purpose of looking over the State school buildings for defective youth, so as to get some idea as to the location, management, etc., and spent the entire day in the institution. The governor expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the condition in which we found matters, and complimented Professor Waston very highly for his excellent management of everything pertaining to the institution, from the bill of fare down to the minutest items.

About five o'clock the governor was driven around the reservation at the barracks, which he much enjoyed, the cool air among the trees being in strong contrast with the heated atmosphere outside.

An informal reception was tendered him at Hotel Columbia in the evening, and many of our prominent people had the pleasure of a chat with the Executive of one of the most prominent and promising States in the Union.

Governor Rogers returned to his home in Olympia on Wednesday morning.—Vancouver Columbian.

To make meat tender a Michigan man has a device consisting of two rollers, one having transverse and the other longitudinal corrugations, between which the meat is run by turning a crank attached to one of the rollers.

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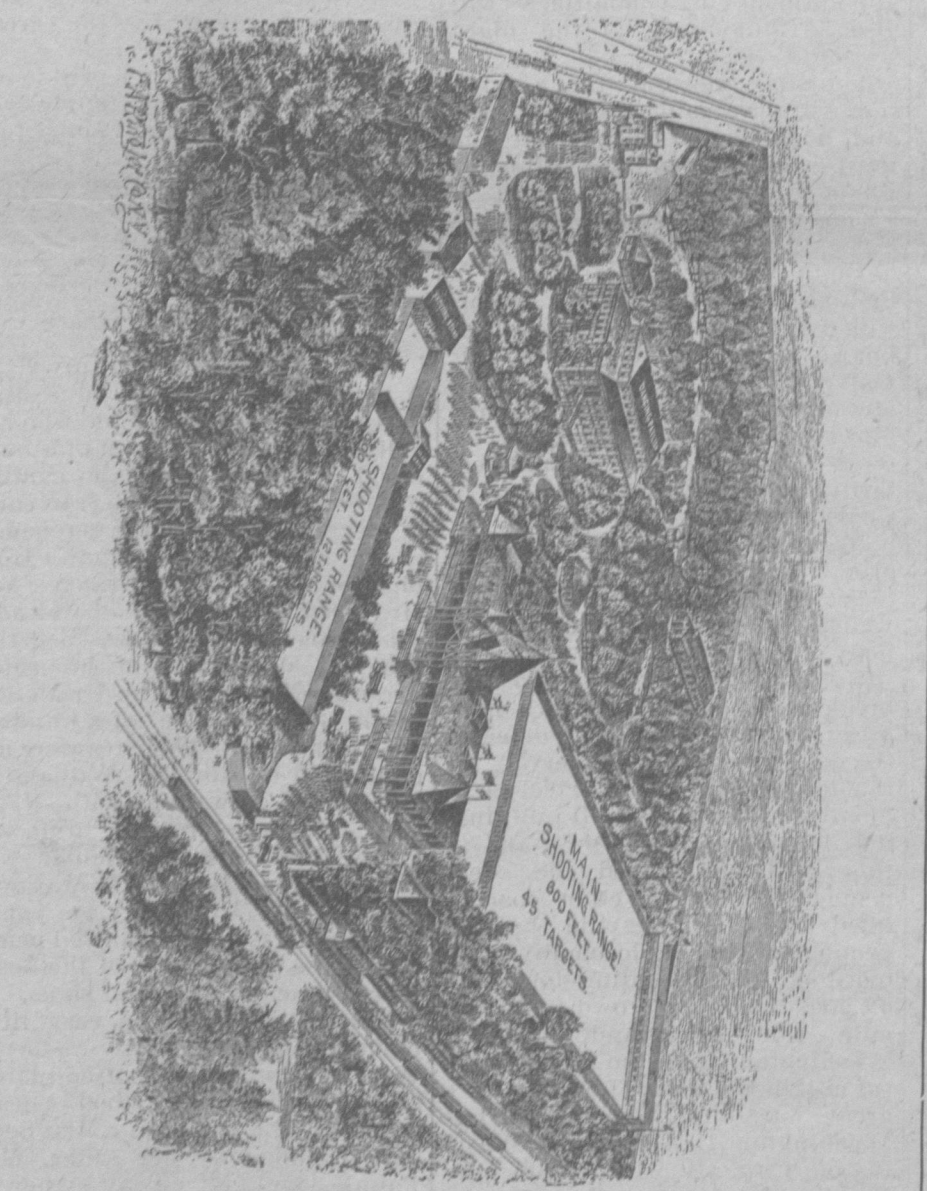
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Children from 6 to 12, 35 cents

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Leaves HIGHLAND BEACH, at 5 P.M. sharp.

If it rains, will be postponed to following Saturday, August 7, 1897.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

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FRED. HOFFMAN, ADOLPH EKARTD.

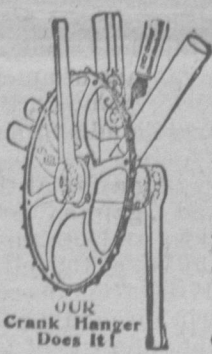
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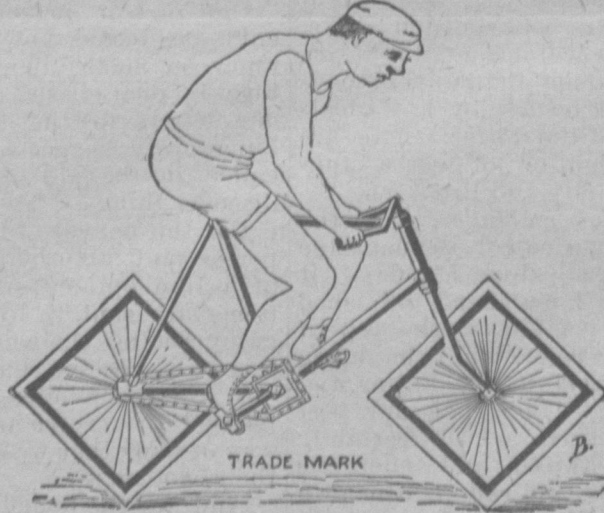
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